

Blimp Whisked Away as Boats Are Becalmed

Free Balloon Borne Out
of Sight Before Aeronauts
Get Enough Altitude Even
to See Racing Yachts

Aerial View Picturesque

Contesting Craft Look Like
Costly Pearls on Back-
ground of Azure Velvet

FROM A SEAPLANE OVER RACING
COURSE, July 17 (By The Associated
Press).—Viewed from the air, the race
to-day between Shamrock IV, British
challenger for the America's Cup, and
Resolute, American defender, proved
more picturesque than exciting. The
clearest of blue skies, fading through
the medium of a veil of light mist into
the deeper blue of the sea, lent a lustre
to the snowy white of the racers' sails,
which suggested two costly pearls ex-
hibited on a background of azure
velvet.

Seldom catching enough of the errant
breeze to cause more than a barely
perceptible list, the two fleet vessels
seemed most frequently as fixed and
motionless as if posed for a photo-
graph. Even the sea was hardly ruffled
by the air which, while miraculously
bellying out the sails, was not of suf-
ficient strength to stir up a single white-
cap.

When the race was called off, the
sun was just beginning to sink into
the smoky haze which hung over New
York City, and which, during most of
the afternoon, hid the jagged skyline
of the metropolis from the view of the
aerial observers.

Great Fleet of Watchers
Fair weather had attracted to the
scene a great fleet of vessels of all
sizes, private yachts which steamed
from the mouth of the Hudson River
several hours before the beginning of
the race or from the direction of the
Connecticut shore, excursion boats,
rugs, and countless sailboats of every
description.

The seaplane in which the Associated
Press correspondent was riding was
one of a small swarm of such craft
circling above the indistinguishable
triangle over which the yachts were to
race. Besides a dozen or more pri-
vately owned airplanes, there was a
flying boat or two from the naval air
station at Rockaway, and even a navy
"blimp," brilliant with a new coat of
silver paint.

A free balloon, also from the naval
station, started a distance trial just as
the yachts were waiting for the start-
ing signal. Its occupants were disap-
pointed though, if they had hoped to
see the green and white "elope" under
sail, for the wind, variable throughout
the day, whisked them across Long Is-
land Sound and well over the main-
land before the balloon had attained the
sufficient altitude to sight the race
course.

Boats in Fan Formation
Up to the moment when the starting
signal was given, the yachts were in
control boat far below, the aerial ob-
server and the swarms of little craft
had held back from Ambrose Light out-
croppings which played traffic police
and kept non-official boats at a dis-
tance. Immediately the start was
made, however, the little boats, some
mere specks on the water, spread out

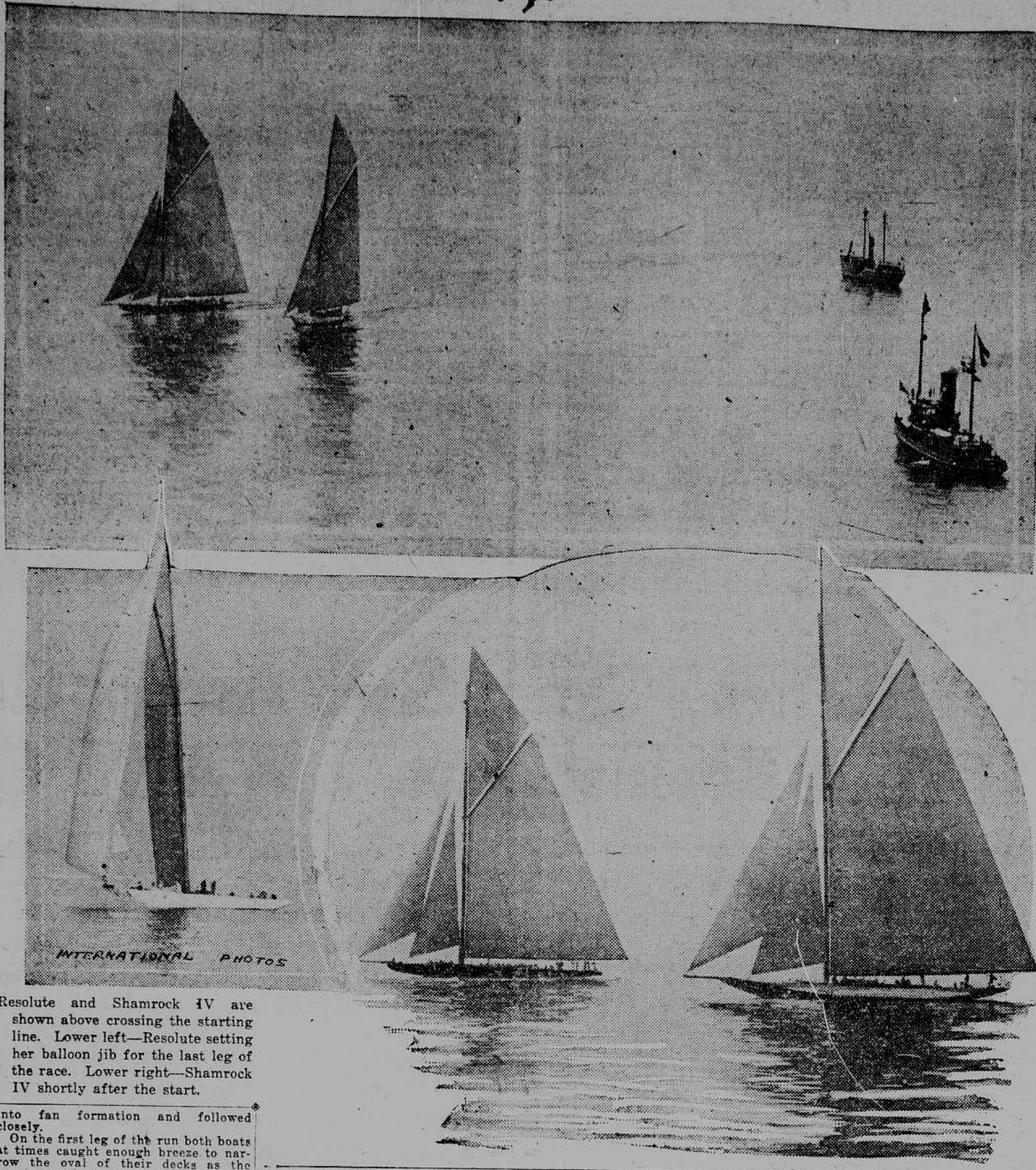
Race Inspires Calm Thought and Dreams

(Continued from page one)

looked puzzled. He's bright, but he
could not figure out what his father
was doing on a torpedo boat destroyer,
chasing after a couple of sailboats.
After the Semmes caught up it would
allow the yachts to steal away a mile
or so and then catch them again. It
meant that around the Atlantic all
afternoon. It must have seemed a silly
game to H. third.

Experts Out of Practice
Frankly, we were just as puzzled.
Experts were all about us and they
were very much excited. That was no
more than natural, as a yachting expert
is allowed to function fully only about
once every seventeen years. Usually we
could not assimilate their language, but
there ought to be a certain amount of
news in this story, so here goes. Up
to the time the starting signal was
sounded the Shamrock seemed to be
consistently ahead. After that she

Three Stages of the Second Race



Resolute and Shamrock IV are
shown above crossing the starting
line. Lower left—Resolute setting
her balloon jib for the last leg of
the race. Lower right—Shamrock
IV shortly after the start.

into fan formation and followed
closely.

On the first leg of the run both boats
at times caught enough breeze to nar-
row the oval of their decks as the
great spread of sails yielded to a puff
of air. Once the challenger, with her
green hull, churned up the water be-
fore as well as astern and on either
beam, looking for all the world as
said before, but we fear that perhaps
more intent on pleasure than duty to
their readers, tried to borrow a pair
of dice. They found that there wasn't
such a thing on board. There wasn't
even a goat, or a mule or a lion cub.
The only mascot visible was a small
kitten called Bone Dry. His mother
Josephus, long a mascot of the ship,
was lost a month ago in big storm.
The sailors are very kind to little Bone
Dry and try to make him forget. Once
a ship got in our way and was almost
run down. "Now," we thought, "we'll
hear some nautical language."

Language Under Josephus
"Please keep out of the way," said
the man on the bridge.
We are now passing our house, but
we can't find the button to signal for
our corner and must go on. The race
has been called off and will be sailed
again on Tuesday. The boat has
promised to yield his turn and let us
have "Fride and Prejudice" during the
next grueling contest. We are not
much on predictions, but this time
we'll risk one. We think she'll marry
him in the last chapter.

Small Crowds on
Race Excursions
Owners of excursion boats that took
spectators down the bay to the race
yesterday gazed on their craft with a
distilled and billous gaze. They

The Resolute finally got so far ahead
that we decided it would be safe for us
to continue our study of life in the
American navy. It is pleasant, as we
said before, but we fear that perhaps
more intent on pleasure than duty to
their readers, tried to borrow a pair
of dice. They found that there wasn't
such a thing on board. There wasn't
even a goat, or a mule or a lion cub.
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None Loaded to Capacity
The Fall River liner Plymouth ex-
pected a capacity passenger list of
2,000. She had fewer than 500. The
Iron Steamboat Company's ship Taurus
had room for 1,500 and got a possible
300. Other craft also carried about
the same proportion of passengers to
their capacity.

The Orizaba had a fair crowd aboard,
but this was attributed by jealous spec-
ulators to the fact that on Thursday she
had served liquor while outside the
three-mile limit. Those who came more
from thirst than love of yachting yes-
terday were met with disappointment.
Federal agents had locked and sealed
the door of the wine room. Not only
that, they had even nailed a square of
wood over the keyhole.

Police Boat Carries Press
The police boat John F. Hyland did
not take Commissioner Enright and
his friends down the bay yesterday.
Instead Grover A. Whalen, Commis-
sioner of Plant and Structures, was

host to the City Hall newspaper men.
The Street Cleaning Department band
accompanied the party, whether or not
at the behest of Mayor Hyland no one
could determine.

An entire new deck crew manned the
steamer Highlander yesterday. This
craft, which is chartered by the New
York Yacht Club, nearly missed the
race on Thursday because her deck
hands struck for double and then
quadruple pay. The men employed
yesterday made no demands.

500 Yacht Club Members
Make Course on Highland
Supporters of Defender Have
Good View of Poor Race;
Few Private Boats Are Out

The Highlander, chartered by the
New York Yacht Club for the cup
races, took out more than 500 mem-
bers and guests yesterday for the
second of the races. It was an en-
thusiastic and optimistic crowd. The
loss of the first contest did not dis-
courage the members of the organiza-
tion defending the cup.

The Highlander held back with the
Shamrock at the first mark until she
finally rounded the buoy, and then she
took after the Resolute. The wind was
still holding and every one was con-
fident of victory. But by the time the
Highlander came abreast of the Reso-

Sir Thomas in High Spirits In Spite of Yacht's Showing

"It's like this you see: Being a
dead calm, we were not able to use the
silent motor that I had installed on
Shamrock. Besides, somebody dropped
a monkey wrench in the carburetor and
the accumulator got mixed up with
the shifting gears."

This was the only comment Sir
Thomas Lipton would offer last night
on the performance of his sloop in the
second race of the international series.
Sir Thomas was in good humor at the
time the race was declared off, and the
performance of the two rival yachts
was apparently the least of his
troubles.

"I had a silent motor installed on
Shamrock," he continued, "but don't
you boys say anything about it. If
there had been any breeze at all at the
first stake we could have used it and
got around."

Although Sir Thomas declined to
make any other comment upon the
race, others aboard his yacht Victoria
were not so reticent. All the yachting
experts, amateur and professional,
were equally loud in their condemna-
tion of the maneuver that cost the
challenger so dearly.

At the moment that Shamrock bore
off on the port tack when she was
abreast Resolute just before the first
stake Commodore Aspinwall Jarvis,
who was on the bridge of the Victoria,
cried out involuntarily, "Good heav-
ens! he must be asleep." The next

moment Shamrock was helplessly
becalmed.

Despite the tremendous lead Reso-
lute immediately obtained, it was evi-
dent she would not finish within the
time limit, and Sir Thomas, assured
that Fortune was again with him, re-
fused to allow the incident to dampen
his spirits. He broke out in a con-
tinuous line of stories that did not
end until his yacht was anchored in
Gravesend Bay.

"You see," he said to the newspaper
men aboard, "Whisky Tom came
aboard to-day, and it caused a lot of
confusion. That's what may have hap-
pened to Shamrock. It's this way: Sir
Thomas Dewar—now Lord Dewar—and
I have pal'd around a lot, and it's
always been confusing. When anybody
said, 'Hello, Sir Thomas, I always had
to ask, 'Do you mean Whisky Tom or
Tea Tom?'"

At this moment Lord Dewar broke
in on the interview, and Sir Thomas
chose the moment to relate his only
adventure into the realm of newspaper-
dom.

"The only time I became a news-
paper man," he said, "I failed badly. It
happened when Lord Dewar and I had
motored from Nice to Boulogne. Just
before we got on the Folkestone boat I
asked Lord Dewar to get some news-
papers."

"He returned just as the Paris train
arrived, and turned the newspapers
over to me. A Yankee who came
aboard came over to me and said,

"Say have you got 'The New York
Herald'?" I took in the situation and
said, 'No, sir, but I have 'The Tele-
graph,' 'The Daily Sketch' or 'The
Morning Post.' " "All right," he said,
'give me 'The Telegraph. How much
is it?'"

"You Poor Fule"
"I told him tuppence. A little later
Dewar came back—he was a Scotch-
man—and I said to him:

"Well, I have just made 100 per cent
on your penny paper."

"You poor fule," he said, "I bought
that paper in France and it cost me
threepence, you've lost a penny on me."

The second race gave Sir Thomas
ample opportunity to dispense his
habitual hospitality and spread his
good nature around the flotilla that
surrounded the competing yacht.
While waiting for the sloops to start,
the police boat John F. Hyland, drew
up alongside the Victoria, and the
police band broke out into a new
marine jazz, interspersed with new sen-
sick notes.

Sir Thomas called Police Commis-
sioner Enright, who was a guest on
the Victoria, and asked him to come
up on the bridge and view his "cops."

Then the band turned out Irish airs
while Sir Thomas and Richard engaged
in a handshaking bout for the movie.
Below, on the main deck, Mrs. Enright,
two-stepped around with a woman com-
panion.

Sir Thomas called down to her: "Say,
Mrs. Enright, you fire all of them if
they don't play 'Rings on her fingers
and bells on her toes' for me."

Sir Thomas reiterated last night his
faith in the challenger, but said that
if he failed to win the cup this year
he would be back again next year with
another Shamrock.

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